The IDLER

Public Occurrences, Comment, Excursions & Rational Entertainment

Nr 21 JUNE 1966 35c THE COPY

1968: A Sterile Choice Again?

THE GREATEST CONTRIBUTION Lyndon Johnson could make to the salubrity of the nation would be his retirement at the end of the present term. This is written without the slightest shred of expectation.

Yet the fact that Mr. Johnson will in all likelihood run again and win reelection does not lessen the value of pondering the logic and wisdom of this course of events. If nothing else, such reflection momentarily eases the fear that we are total hostages of fate.

In two more years America will be loaded well above the Plimsoll line with Mr. Johnson. She is already riding poorly, burdened by a stumblebum foreign policy and by domestic programs that, while often impressive in appearance, are inadequate in substance and erratic in execution.

This is not to say that we have received no benefit from the Johnson years. The President has encouraged Congress to pass legislation that a successor in the White House — more able as an administrator and more concerned with reality than with charades—will find invaluable. Some Negroes are voting who otherwise might not; some men have jobs who otherwise might not; petunias are sprouting where once junked Plymouths lay; we are beginning to treat Eastern Europeans like human beings; and we may be able to ride by train from Washington to New York in three hours a few years from now. This is an administration dedicated to action and more than a jot has been to good purpose.

Still, one is reminded that Huey Long built hospitals and schools and Mussolini made the trains run on time. One must balance the improvements in the national plant against the price we have paid for them. And, in the case of the Johnson Administration, it has been a high one.

It does not help much to make a defense of Mr. Johnson based upon his legislative record. We can, of course, be grateful for his legislative successes. But the President can not be vindicated solely because of these. He may be the greatest majority leader of Congress we have ever had in the White House, but ultimately we must also judge him upon the basis of his prime constitutional duty: leader of the executive branch. And by such a standard Mr. Johnson has not been a good President.

His Vietnamese escapade has been an abject failure. In other foreign affairs there has been an unfortunate revival of the sort of diplomatic fundamentalism that one hoped had died with the Dulles era.

At home, the poverty program is in bad shape. Much civil rights legislation lies rusting in bureaucratic backyards. Progress in housing and education is being made with all the haste (but little of the care) of the construction of a gothic cathedral.

Mr. Johnson, more than any Democrat in recent years, has hocked his party to big business. He has cheapened democracy by permitting his administration to use as major political tools, propaganda, lies and the bludgeoning of political opponents into submission to its policies. Convincing

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The Idler

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advocacy is seldom heard from the Administration these days. If the public relations bullroarers don't turn the trick, the political goon squads will.

Perhaps worst of all, Lyndon Johnson is emasculating the hope John Kennedy gave us that modern America could be something more than a blind giant plunging senselessly into history with no greater purpose than to gorge itself upon its gross national product and to engage in endless narcissistic reveries.

For the sake of their party, for the sake of their nation, the Democrats would best prepare for the 1968 convention by commissioning Jack Valenti and William S. White — the former to produce a film documentary glorifying the Johnsonian era, and the latter to write a valedictory to be read by Walter Brennan backed by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. Then the party should turn forthwith to the business of finding a new presidential candidate.

This will not be easy. At present, the list of Mr. Johnson's possible Democratic successors has only two names: Mr. Humphrey, the late liberal, and Mr. Kennedy the liberal-come-lately.

Mr. Humphrey, so admirable out of power, has undergone a frightening metamorphosis as he has come within striking distance of success. Is this a

Humphrey:
Frightening Metamorphosis

permanent change, one asks, or simply expedience? Old reliable Hubert has rather suddenly become like other politicians: a man who is more or less enigmatic depending upon the polls. It is hard to avoid the thought that Mr. Humphrey's liberalism depended upon his constituency and that now his constituency has changed. It is no longer Democratic-Farmer-Labor Minnesota but the whole nation, and this has introduced him to the virtues of a more conservative stance.

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Kennedy: The Doubt Lingers

Mr. Kennedy also poses a dilemma, even though he has moved superficially towards the side of the gods.

Bobby Kennedy—associate of McCarthy, gutfighting presidential campaign manager who used financial napalm on primary opponents, supporter of wiretapping, harrasser of Jimmy Hoffa with little concern for the niceties of due process, dispatcher of FBI agents at the dead of night to ease an economic crisis—now presents himself as the logical, inevitable leader of the liberal movement.

Kennedy is saying all the right things these days. But does he believe them? Will he act upon them? The doubt lingers.

Still, either of the two leading contenders for post-Johnsonian residency at the White House would be considerably preferable to the present occupant. Mr. Humphrey is no less liberal and Mr. Kennedy no more cynical than Lyndon Johnson. We would be better off with either one of them.

Of course, there is also the Republican Party. But one can almost guarantee that should the Democrats, through some weird gyrations, nominate Thomas J. Dodd for the presidency, the GOP would manage to dig up a syphilitic dipsomaniac as its candidate, just to satisfy its political death-wish. The Republicans have an unerring ability to drown their good men in a sea of political stupidity. They are still hung up on Nixon and Goldwater, who have about as much to say to contemporary America as Jay Gould. Only George Romney may entice them away from such futile obsessions since he has the advantage of *really* believing in GOD.

It is hard to resist the appeal of a man who attacks "the derogation of virginity in the future mothers of America;" who cries: "The family is the basic unit of society;" who shouts: "The gravest threats to the future of our country are the decline in religious convictions, decline in moral character, decline in responsible citizenship, the deterioration of family life."

How perfect for the Republicans! Not one problem requiring a larger federal expenditure. Of course, once we save virginity (which, one presumes, would be the task of the states; we don't wish Washington to infringe further upon local prerogatives) we will still be left with Vietnam, poverty and segregation. Mr. Romney does not have much to tell us on these subjects.

There is, finally, John Lindsay. Unacceptable to conservative Republicans and unconvincing to liberal Democrats, he is today a lone runner, perhaps the loneliest politician of merit

LBJ: New York in Three Hours

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Romney: Save the Virgins

in the country. He has things to tell America, but he must go about it the hard way, reviving the sprawling wreckage of a city without so much as the assurance of support from the state governor, a member of his own party. John Lindsay does not fit our traditional political patterns and this makes him easy to reject.

But it will become more difficult to sluff him off if he even partially sets New York City straight in the coming months. And one can not ignore the fact that he already has more qualifications for national office than did John F. Kennedy in 1960.

If we can seriously consider reelecting Lyndon Johnson then we can well afford to take a closer look at John Lindsay.

In the fall of 1964, Dean Francis B. Sayre of the Washington Episcopal Cathedral delivered from the pulpit these bitter yet valid comments:

"This summer we beheld a pair of gatherings at the summit of political power, each of which was completely dominated by a single man; the one a man of dangerous ignorance and devastating uncertainty, the other a man whose public house is splendid in its every appearance but whose private lack of ethic must inevitably introduce termites at the very foundation. The electorate of this mighty nation is left homeless, then, by such a pair of nominees. It knows not where to turn, it stares fascinated at the forces that have produced such a sterile choice — frustration and a federation of hostilities in one party; and in the other, behind a goodly facade, only a cynical manipulation of power."

A Humphrey or Kennedy vs. Lindsay contest would produce a healthy, invigorating and instructive campaign. It would present a difficult yet intelligent choice.

But John Gay once wrote: "Lest men suspect your tale untrue, keep probability in view." And the chances of such a contest actually occurring in 1968 are slimmer than a sliced sheet of lens paper.

Probability strongly suggests that Dean Sayre's words will ring true again in 1968, that the electorate will be left homeless once more, and that we will have no alternative but to stare fascinated at the forces that have produced the sterile choice that shall be ours. *(s.s.)*

Idler Contest Nr 1

(Starting with this issue, we are going to hold contests for the entertainment of our readers with some small profit to a few of the same. First prize each month will be $10. Second and third prizes will be one year of The Idler free. The winners will be announced in the second issue following the one in which the contest rules are published. We hope our readers will take part in these contests.)

WRITE A DEFENSE OF the Confederate attack on Ft. Sumter in the literary style of Dean Rusk or a State Department White Paper. Do not exceed three hundred words. Entries should be mailed prior to August 1. Winners will be announced in the September issue. Mail to Idler, 413 6th St. NE, Washington, D.C. 20002

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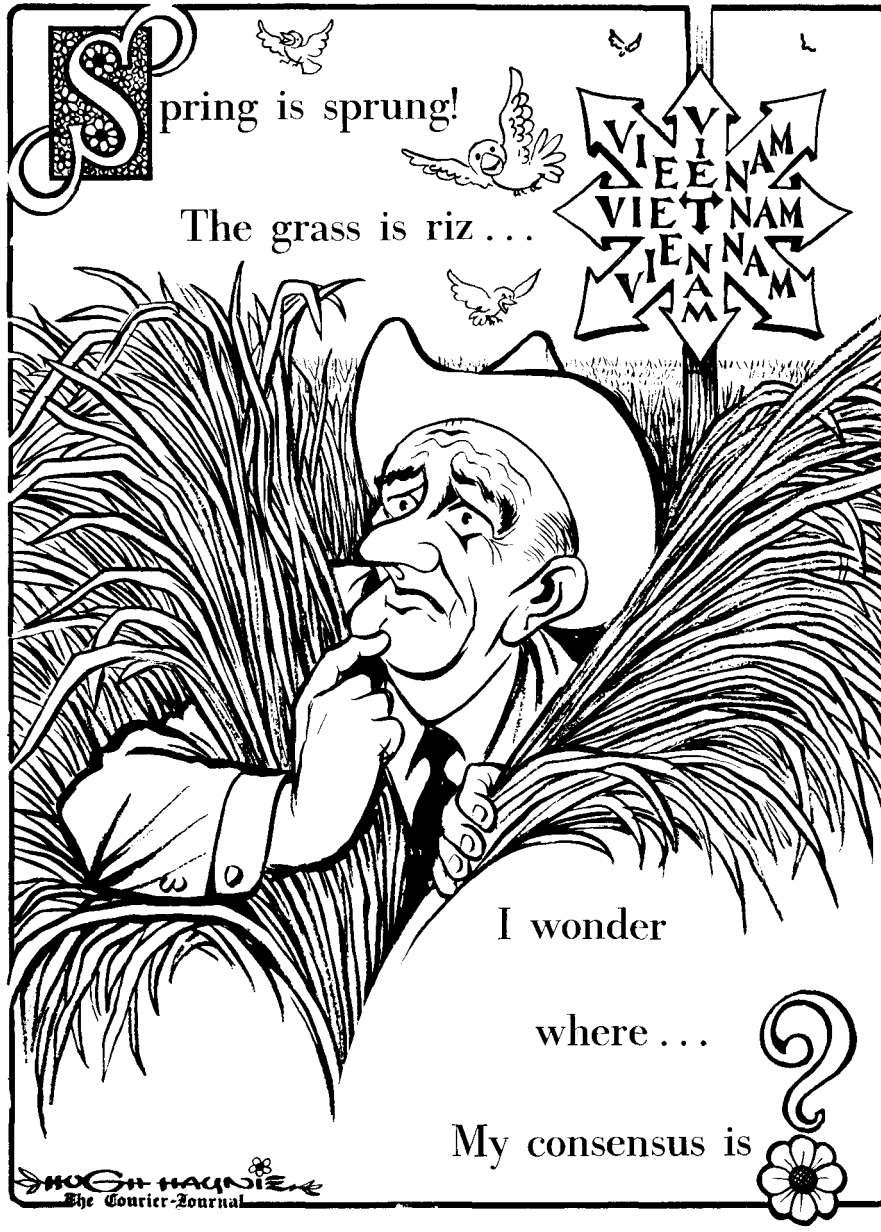
HUGH HAYNIE ...



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Washington Notes

"I didn't know . . ."

I had the unpleasant experience the other night of watching a Canadian television program on the Vietnamese war. The documentary emphasized the impact of the war on the individual. It was not easy to view.

It is simple to speak abstractly of war, to defend brutality on the ground that it furthers some higher principle that we hope may be valid.

But seeing an American pilot exhilarated at the sight of napalm broiling Vietnamese peasants or American soldiers watching placidly as a suspected Vietcong is tortured scared the hell out of me.

I am not a pacifist but I fear for men who like war. Wars should only be fought with a queasy stomach. Men should only battle when there is no other recourse left to them and should end their conflict as soon as recourse is rediscovered. And to fight for civilization in a manner that is the antithesis of the behavior of civilized men poses the danger of a defeat for humanity far worse than surrender.

The war in Vietnam has brutalized America. Even while fundamentally uncertain of the worth of our actions, we are engaged in one of the cruelest wars of our history. Even while considering the possibility of permitting the Vietcong to participate in "free elections" we are destroying them in a way that violates some of the semi-civilized rules of conflict we have followed even when battling enemies far worse than the present one.

As I watched the torture scene I could not help but recall the Nazi experience. The difference between one suspected Vietcong and a million Jews is 999,999 Jews but, until now, our morality has not been quantitative. Our domestic laws do not provide for greater leniency for those who murder or assault one than for those who murder or assault several.

We are witnessses to actions by our countrymen of a nature we have condemned in the past. We have seen; we can not say a few years hence, "I didn't know what they were doing."

Nor can we find comfort in the sort of relativistic apology offered by *Time* magazine when it ran a photo of a suspected Vietcong being tortured: "Such pictures are hardly ever balanced out by coverage of the Vietcong's far more common tactics of terror and brutality." We are, after all, Americans and not Vietcong.

We may stumble in our search for a solution to the Vietnamese problem, but we can at least be certain of this: nothing in the situation justifies the abandonment of those final remnants of decency in combat that give men the hope that they may one day become civilized again. *(s.s.)*

Virginia Betrayed

'SANTA CLAUS' HELD IN NARCOTICS SALES
—New York Times *headline over story of arrest of alleged dope pusher nicknamed 'Santa Claus.'*

Alas, alack,
Who would have thunk
That in your sack
Was nought but junk.
No more, I fear,
Need for your deer.
A sleigh don't go
Where there's no 'snow.'
Though now your fate
Seems quite congealed,
Convictions can
Still be appealed.
Hope springs a bit
For Christmas merry;
Just get a writ
Of certiorari.

— *s.s.*

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The Corner Aphorist

By Sam A. Darcy

☞WHY MAY? WHY JUNE? There is considerable uncertainty about the etymology. One version has it that Romulus, founder of Rome, divided the people into two great classes: MAY for the elders to serve in council, JUNE (junior) for the young to fight the wars. It's still that way — the old decide, the young die. Romulus was suckled by a she-wolf. But why do we do it?

☞COUSIN BARNEGAT WAS in, full of chicken giblet stew and questions. We must admit our answers were mostly grunts. So he wants to offer our readers, if any, a prize for sending us the answers:

What is so unspeakable about the human body? Does the not-so-young Supreme Court remember that the most aphrodisiac of aphrodisiacs, the greatest stimulator of "prurient interest" is a beautiful woman? Do they want to do away with these too? How secure husbands would be if literature, not life, was the source of prurience! The man, young or old, who needs artificial stimulants to sex holds little promise and less threat to woman. Is there a case of a rapist anywhere in the world who was triggered by the printed word or a picture? Cousin Barnegat says no!

What did the Viets do to us that we keep boasting in our newspapers how many of them we kill each day?

How come Steve Allen was told that if he ran for office he must leave TV, while Ronald Reagan is allowed to continue on "Death Valley Days"?

From the way Reagan is talking after the announcement of Bircher support, he seems to be suffering from the Kiss of Death Valley daze. Is there a cure? (This gets big chuckles in Chickenville, called Frenchtown, N. J.)

For the best answers the prizes will all be surprises.

☞ Did you ever notice that when they give some politician the key to the city, they carefully avoid telling him where the keyhole is?

☞LOUIS GINSBERG, THE distinguished New Jersey poet, teacher, and head of a family of distinguished poets, greets THE IDLER with his usual sharp eye and pen, as follows:

Ask any person in a foreign country where our embassies are and they will say, "Only a stone's throw away."

The Ku Klux Klan is the White Muslims.

Goldwater is still at his Birch barks.

There are two things I don't like about Nixon — his face.

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Aphorist (cont'd)

☞TALE OF TWO NEWS STORIES: Vice-President Humphrey preached a hard line on Viet Nam . . . "We are there . . . that's ancient history . . . and can't be repealed," he said.

—*New York Times*

"It was horrible," said Pfc Ronald Haley, as he stood in the tiny clearing blasted from the jungle. "I've never heard such screaming in my life. Many of the wounded were yelling for their mothers . . ."

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

Mr. Humphrey is a good father — his sons weren't there, only his "hard line."

☞RECENTLY A TEXAS newspaper received the following letter from one of its readers:

Dear Editor:

I never knew the power of the press until now. Last month I lost my gold heirloom watch. I put an insert in your paper. Three days later I found it in my other suit. God bless you!

Subscriber

☞EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, especially after a "big sweep "by our planes, napalm, tanks and infantry, we turn up some Viet Cong prisoners. They look appallingly thin and emaciated. We can only guess the reason that sickness did not get them first was that the germs in them died of malnutrition. Someone figured out that we are now spending $10,000 each year for every Viet Cong revolutionary fighter in Viet Nam. If we gave the matter a little thought, we could probably devise a way to use about half of that in a kindly way and make friends of them.

The McDowell Papers

By Charles McDowell, Jr.

WASHINGTON

NOBODY KNOWS HOW long the war in Viet Nam will last, but there is a growing feeling in Washington that the Senate hearings will last longer.

Some observers believe the fighting in Viet Nam may end within two years. Few are optimistic enough to predict that the Foreign Relations Committee will be able to terminate its hearings before 1972.

In some quarters there is already a quiet acceptance of the possibility that the hearings will go on forever—that they will become a permanent national institution, a permanent program on morning television, a tradition that future generations can rely upon for better or worse in a changing world.

One of the wisest men in Washington said the other day, "It had long been fundamental to Foreign Relations Committee policy to avoid committing its power and prestige to hearings on the great land mass of Asia. Once that prudent rule was broken, we were all in the soup."

That view may be excessively bleak. As one highly placed source said recently, "I think we have turned the corner in the hearings. If we are patient and our will is strong, the end is in sight."

He was asked eagerly, how much longer

"Well, Senator Fulbright ought to be able to clean up the questions he has for Secretary Rusk in perhaps 24 to 36 more sessions. Senator Morse wants to ask the Secretary to defend the legality of the American position 62 more times—to make it an even 100. Senator Lausche merely wants equal time. Senators Hickenlooper and

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Mundt have been working up a sharp question that they are determined to use, if they can ever perfect it, and they ought to have their chance. Senator Long probably will want to clarify his position on the flag, and I doubt somehow that Senator Clark is finished with Joseph Alsop."

Is the committee finished with Secretary McNamara?

"Ridiculous optimism like that handicaps this whole effort," the highly placed source said. "Let us just say that the situation is bound to get worse before it gets better, but patience and fortitude will prevail."

Is there a target date for finishing?

"Look, fellows, don't try to pin me down. I said we had turned the corner. I am cautiously optimistic. Purely as background, not for attribution, I will say this: I don't think this thing is something our great-grandchildren are going to have to live with."

Drawing back from these daily briefings and trying to take the long view, one can see that the basic disagreement is deeper than ever. The Foreign Relations Committee believes that it must honor its commitment to these hearings and never waver in its purpose. The President and his advisers advocate that the committee withdraw—if not completely, at least to enclaves.

Whether or not President Johnson will agree to negotiate with Senator Robert Kennedy, whom he contends is not actually a member of the committee, and thus not legally a party to the dispute, remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, the hearings grind on. Reporters are beginning to recognize whole swatches of today's dialogue from last week's and last month's transcripts. There is a rumor that the Central Intelligence Agency has quit auditing the hearings and begun running its agents for the Senate as the best available long-haul approach to the problem. It is a fact that sightseeing guides are beginning to include the hearings on their tours—with the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial and the Wax Museum.

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The Panofsky Papers

By Stanton Candlin

MILITARY WRITERS HAVE, from the earliest times, been the most active supporters of the historians and, in all probability, their most important single source of material. The tendency, on the other hand, has been to place the ancient and vital profession of espionage in a category so despicable that, even if the successful agent in retirement had time to write his memoirs and even if his training in reticence were overborne, he would probably not wish to contaminate himself, quite apart from the governance of Official Secrets Acts, Oaths of Silence and whatnot. Thus the task of the historian has been made particularly difficult.

News of the Panofsky Papers, soon to be published by the Periwinkle Press, has created "something of a sensation in international intelligence circles," writes Mr. Candlin, one of the few members of the public who has been privileged to see the memoirs in draft. We are honored to bring our readers his exclusive report.

Where would we be without Caesar and Tacitus as promoters and specialists in the field of public relations as well as war? Yet the Divine Julius does not tell us nearly as much as we would like to know about his shady dealings with the treacherous Coritani. And he obviously is evasive about the behavior of the traitor Avarwy who connived to assist his ultimate victory in Britain, achieved by guile after the resounding defeat of his earlier frontal attack of 55 B.C.

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While Sun Tzu, in China, has been quite explicit about the arcana of military metaphysics and has outlined the uses and importance of double agents and subversion, the European School, dominated by notions connected with chivalry, has been far less open. Clausewitz, Jomini and Maurice de Saxe have been much more concerned with the art of winning war by combat than with that of winning it without really fighting.

Now, however, all has changed and the historians are going to get a break. We live not only in the nuclear and aerospace era but in the James Bond Age. Presidents of Banks, Bishops and Peers of the Realm are seen to revel approvingly and obviously in the amatory and murderous propensities of this ace of agents, regretting no doubt that their choice of profession in a less tolerant age has kept them away from this absorbingly interesting calling so recently canonized by public opinion. Their grandchildren are under no such handicaps and are flocking to the supermarkets. There the James Bond Youth Movement, en masse, is equipping itself with supposedly harmless versions of the armory and cryptographic trappings of the hero. Its members, thus familiarized and using the kit as a stop gap until better able to exercise other Bondian prerogatives, usually keep their hand in with a little guerrilla warfare in the back alley while they await the great day when they can actually send in their application forms to the CIA, MI6, or perhaps even to SMERSH.

Such has been the impact of our new Hero of Western Culture and Enlightenment on the Soviet spymasters, acknowledged experts and highly respected practitioners of this ancient art that, fearful of a cut in their portion of the Defense Budget (suitably described, of course, as "Culture and Enlightenment Subsection VIb") they have been creating new culture heroes of their own. The program is well under way and Poppenheimer Verlag, Agence Culto-Pornographique and Anglo-Saxon True Confessions Inc. will soon be projecting Boris Bagramian, the husky and reliable Counter-Bond agent, whose mission will be to seek out and destroy his fabulous opponent in as complicated and ingenious a manner as possibe. The Bond legend, it has been decreed, is to die with him. Whole new arsenals of poisoned bullets, assassination pistols disguised as mouth organs, explosive lavatory seats and lethal after-shave lotions are being devised by dedicated faculty members in the Secret Section of the Agitprop Department at Balkash University under a special grant administered by the Director of Subversive Operations at SMERSH itself. But how, the Soviets are asking themselves, can the whole overall plan be somehow made relevant to the Sino-Soviet Tepid War, since that is the path of advancement and source of support these days.

HOW INDEED? Perhaps something of an answer is going to emerge with the publication by Periwinkle Press of the eagerly awaited Panofsky Papers. These will follow the recently completed interrogation of Ilya Panofsky, the noteworthy Soviet refugee (defector), who is about to assume Man of the Year status and whose portrait by Fannigoni will shortly be placed on view at the Royal Academy to coincide with the publication date.

The papers in draft have produced something of a sensation in international intelligence circles which will doubtless become even more of a furor when they become available to an even wider reading public. Their sweep over the whole spectrum of public affairs is majestic and particularly revealing of the long-term point of view now recognized to be the main characteristic of Panofsky's late employers.

Perhaps nothing brings this out so clearly as his early reference to Operation HOT DOG, for which he engaged in deep research at the Special Archives Section at the Communist Academy into the theme "Edgar Rice Burroughs as a Seminal Influence on

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United States Thought and Policies." He describes in the most gripping detail his examination of the predatory behavior of that unconscious but by no means a typical scion of the British Aristocracy, Tarzan of the Apes, swinging symbolically through the jungles of the Dark Continent so soon to be liberated from its Imperialist Masters.

With unerring skill, the analyst links these arborascensal triumphs (punctuated by bloody clashes with wild beasts or even wilder human beings) with the ultimate significance of this way of life for the training of Special Forces in jungle warfare. Then there is Panofsky's critique of that other character John Carter, pioneer interplanetary hero, who in his encounters with extra-terrestrial beings and amorous adventures on the planet Mars (or its satellites) has done much to explain the hidden but imperative drives which have evidently led to the national space program. Small wonder then, that so much is being done to eradicate Bond before it is too late.

BUT BY FAR the most interesting part of his dissertation is to be found in his account of that deadly and clearly most dangerous affair, Operation CHOP-SUEY, launched by none other than SMERSH itself against the Chinese Peoples' Republic.

Before going into action, Panofsky and other carefully selected members of Apparat East (CHOP-SUEY) were extensively briefed by veterans of the remarkable SORGE affair and who in their time had made some remarkable prognostications based on their appreciation of the significance of the challenging Japanese idea of "Hakko Ichiu" or the "Eight Corners of the World Under One Household" and all that came to mean in terms of the "New Order in East Asia."

They were told that there were a host of immediate operational necessities such as the production of Tritium by the Yellow River Hydro-Project and Fusion Plasma Containment in the Great Khingan Laboratories. Also there was the no less important task, with longer term significance, of finding out what the Chinese leaders in the Forbidden City had on the *tapis* as bedside reading. Due attention was to be paid by the network to all forty-four grades of party membership but the highest priority was to be given to the Top Five or the planning and policy making elite.

Panofsky relates his discovery that, having followed up a number of false trails while serving at Peking and at Sian (ostensibly as an adviser on Linear Programming), whereas the subordinate grades were obliged to read about the exploits of the military paragon Lei Feng and to keep plugging away at the Thought of Mao Tse-tung, the Top Brass — Mao, Lin Piao, Chou En-lai and their aspiring associates — were reading with close attention the *Wall Street Journal, Fortune,* the *Economist* and the works of Galsworthy.

He was at something of a loss to understand this kind of choice but has hazarded the informed guess that they are boning up background information for the job in hand. What turned out to be much more interesting was the incessant and lengthy discussions at the "Hall of Red and Expert Felicity," dubbed by the Russians the Khitaitski-Komisarski-Klub, on the campaigns of Genghiz Khan against the Empire of Kwaresm and the Hungarians and Slavs. Then there was the torrent of criticism and abuse levelled at his grandson Kubilai who failed in his attack on the Japanese barbarians because he would not listen to the sound advise of his Chinese meteorologists and neo-romancers.

OTHER REVELATIONS of the highest importance concerned themselves with the rapt attention being paid to the Ta T'ung Shu, the "Book of the Great Whole World Commonwealth," written at the end of the nineteenth century by that interesting young radical K'ang Yu-wei. This classic is to be found near every porcelain pillow used by members of the

(Please turn to page 14)

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"We Require Some Additic

Last April, 90 Mississippi Negroes came to Washington seeking action from the Office of Economic Opportunity upon their request for funds to build desperately needed housing in the Mississippi Delta region. After a week spent in tents in Lafayette Park, across from the White House, in an effort to dramatize their plea, the Negroes went back empty-handed.

Upon their arrival they had sent a telegram to the President, which read in part:

"We have become your neighbors on Lafayette Square because we and thousands like us in Mississippi will be homeless and jobless this year. Those like us in Mississippi who have lived in tents this past winter do not want to spend another winter like it. A fortunate few of us are building our own homes with a private grant, and the rest of us are ready and willing to do the same. We have submitted mutual self-help housing proposals to the Office of Economic Opportunity. But our meetings with OEO officials give us no reason to hope that our proposals will be funded, now or in the future. We must begin building now if we are not going to be in tents another winter."

The letter that follows is OEO's callous, ineffective and incredibly bureaucratic reply to the Negroes' plea. It stands as a monument to the inability of OEO to cut through its self-made labyrinth to the center of the poverty problem.

Even if one accepts the necessity for the complex informataion required in the letter, OEO could have easily dispatched a few of its $75 a day consultants to help the Delta Negroes come up with the answers. But the Johnson Administration preferred to pass the buck. The Negroes folded their tents, went home and President Johnson could once again speak of the war on poverty without the discomfort of having to look out his front window at graphic evidence of his administration's failure in that war.

Office of Economic Opportunity
Executive Office of the President
Washington, D.C. 20506
April 7, 1966

Mr. Frank Smith, President
Neighborhood Developers, Inc.
900 Farish Street
Jackson, Mississippi 39202
Dear Mr. Smith:

As you know, the only section of the Economic Opportunity Act that can provide housing is Section 311. Under this section, Congress has appropriated $25,000,000 to provide services of education, sanitation, day care and housing for 7½ million migrant and seasonal farm workers. Naturally, we owe it to these 7½ million people to assure ourselves that this money is wisely spent. We have, in the past, used our funds for two types of housing programs. One has been demountable housing for migrants and the other has been self-help permanent housing in conjunction with loans from Farmers Home Administration.

We have reviewed your proposal and require some additional information before a complete evaluation can be accomplished. While this information may look complicated and detailed, it is the result of questions raised at our meetings both here in the Office of Economic Opportunity and with other Federal agencies which share our hope that additional facts can contribute toward converting this application into a meaningful program. This information should be in writing and submitted as soon as possible so that we may continue with the review.

The information we require is as follows:

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nformation Before . . . ."

1. How does your organization plan to get the additional financing necessary to run the project? When will this money be forthcoming and from what sources? With assurance that sites will be provided, without any use of grant funds, what is the total unit cost of each dwelling unit, including water and sanitary sewerage? Provide detailed cost breakdown, and source of financing difference between costs covered by proposed grant and total cost. Will funds covering this difference be contributed or loaned? If latter, by whom and on what terms and security? What arrangements will be made to service any loans?

2. If financing will not be obtained from Farmers Home Administration, please submit detailed specifications and drawings for the houses to be constructed. These should be in the same detail as required by Farmers Home Administration. Your local FHA office can supply information on the detail necessary.

3. What assurances have been made, or will be made for inspection of the houses as they are built? We are looking for information that will show periodic inspection during the building process so that there will be assurances that houses are being built according to sound plans. Who will perform these inspections and in what way will his recommendations be followed?

4. Exactly where are the houses to be built? The answer to this question should include the number in each cluster, the distance from population centers, the town, the county and the tract. What are your specific plans for acquiring this land? Does applicant own land on which houses are to be built? Furnish certified copy of deed, or option to purchase, containing legal description and topography plot plan for development. What is availability of water and sewer? If sewer system not available, what is soil suitability for septic tanks? If septic tanks are to be used, what size lots will be provided for each house and land space for septic tank leaching? What is nearest area for marketing and employment of residents?

5. Once the houses are built what steps are being taken to provide the other necessities of economic uplift such as education and jobs? This is especially important if your answer to question 1 shows that money will be received on a loan basis.

6. Please provide us with the detailed construction schedule showing the timetable for completion.

7. What criteria have you set up for selection of those individuals to participate in the program? Who will be selected and who will be rejected and on what basis?

8. What provisions have been made to assure that material purchased under the grant and partially completed homes will not be destroyed by either fire or theft? What will be standards of eligibility for families to occupy dwelling units created by grant? Will occupants be tenants, leasees, purchasers on contract, or purchasers subject to mortgage obligation? Financial terms? Who will be title holder of land and housing unit, and primary obligor on the mortgage? What will be the protection for occupant against eviction or foreclosure in case of default?

9. Can you guarantee that all funds to be supplied by grantee will be available before project commences?

10. What provision will be made to prevent sale and potential windfall as soon as houses are built?

If any of the above questions should be unclear, please do not hesitate to contact us for additional clarification. The Office of Economic Opportunity will, where feasible, make technical assistance available to you in applying new information to a revised application.

Sincerely,
NOEL H. KLORES
Acting Director
Special Field Programs Division
Community Action Program

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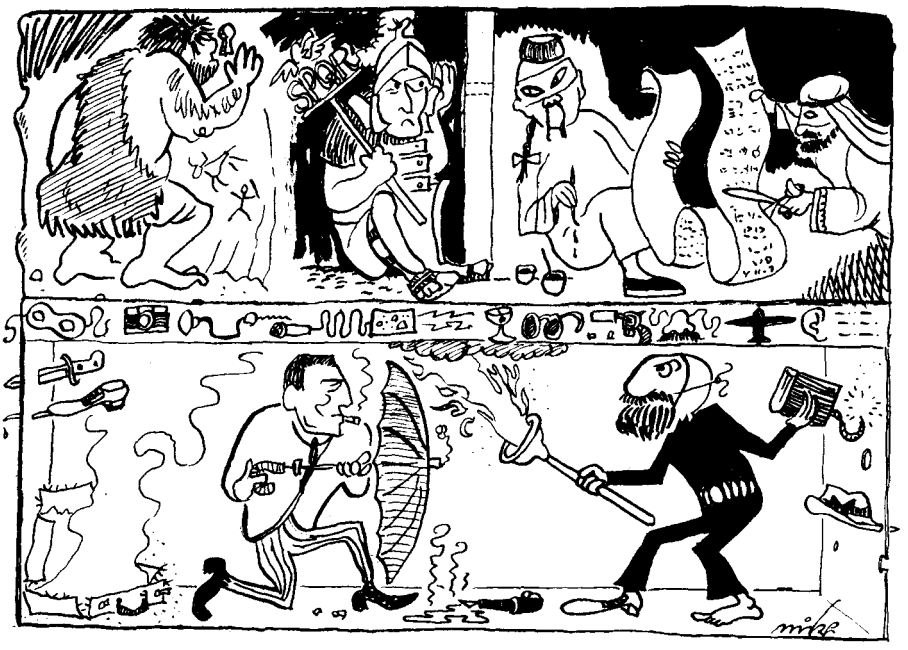
Central Committee of the CCP much as "Mein Kampf" used to be found at the Gauleiter's bedside.

In this extraordinary work the Confucian-trained but utterly rebellious scholar proposes the embodiment of the entire world under the sway and dominance of the Middle Country of China, which would be rid of its Imperial Throne. The Utopia he sets forth is one which is seen to resemble closely the present state of affairs on the mainland. It is the more remarkable in that it is the only Utopia in which the steps to it are specified as well as the ultimate blue-print itself. It is even more remarkable how closely its precepts are being followed even to the interference of the state in marital affairs and the manufacture of fertilizer from the contents of graveyards, a pursuit hitherto unthinkable.

It all was not to last, however. Panofsky and others engaged in similar intellectual pursuits were shown quite abruptly that specialist advisers are expected to be somewhat single minded in their attitude. He and his colleagues were suddenly presented with a sheaf of railway tickets on the Trans-Siberian together with a statement that the luxurious block of flats they were then inhabiting were to be demolished the following day and that, unfortunately, owing to the acute housing shortage no alternative accommodation could be found.

Taking the hint, our author and his fellow countrymen rapidly packed and entrained. Their reception at the other end was about as frosty as the icicles on the Spasskaia Tower of the Kremlin or under the eves of the Lubyanka Prison in which many soon found themselves.

There are some cynics who believe that in spite of the high motivation which is supposed to have led to Panofsky's disillusionment with the Soviet System and his stature as one of the Neo-Paladins of Espionage School, it was the Damoclean attitude of that second set of icicles that inspired him with thoughts of his well-earned subsequent escape into the Capitalist Elysium.



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Three Poems

Though December I wanted to
palm-leave the path for your coming,
    And under each spear place grapes
    that would break to your tread,
    garnishing snow with mint and purple stains,
    patterns to respond and drink the heat—
    Spring will come sooner where you led.
Olive flagstones covering carpeting snow
    for you who raised my body
    from its tomb of sleet,
    its shield of frost, its icy froth
    when forced to madness to foil bonds—
    strictures of conditioned response.
Your spark-small form burned away the door,
    gave me sensation without system,
    celebration without scheme.
And to you this reborn body
    spreads ever green.

CHIRON IN LOVE

Late will I ride
Blue robed.
    In night's slate
Hide my state from my love's new
View.
    In darkness my ravaged gait
Fate styled, to her appears a glide.

We who wince the wind
Attempt to flay a stolen leaf
To capture and analyze spring.

We who weigh whisper's width
Measure the motive
To calculate the proper hint.

We who worship the watchful
Caution the earthquake
To hold necessary some forms.

We who walk as from wakes
Implore storm's crackle
To let desire awhile fallow.

For we are
    helpless till sheltered
    hesitant till warm
We who wince the wind.

—*George Ellis*

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Letter from Lorelei

DEAR SAM,

Always I must write when I am boiling and before I cool off. So I am boiling right now. Two solid hours of father LBJ yakking his head off in Mexico deprived me of my soap operas which are vastly more interesting and convincing than he is.

He talked Texan and every word had to be translated because what would happen if somebody had missed one of his golden phrases. Me, I took a pail of suds and a mop and headed off for the upper regions to swab my decks.

I know the Mexicans were bored to death. They don't give one 'lil damn about his pronouncements, such as his repetitious "there are those who" etc. Yeah, there are. Me for one. I think I'll turn Buddhist.

I don't care for the Buddhists but my late husband spent two years in Rangoon building grain elevators. He was a Mason and a free thinker, but his best friend was a Buddhist monk, so I learned a bit about what makes them tick. And what goes now is that they want peace in Vietnam and we out of it and I'm all for it. If you stick your hand in the fire you get burned but you don't have to keep it there and lose it. Take it out and it will heal eventually.

Did you get an invite to Luci's wedding? Twelve bridesmaids, 1000 invitations. They let it be known that it will be a wedding to top all weddings. Better than Elizabeth's or the Duchess of Alba's or Cleopatra's. Such show-offs!

I get fed up with Mrs. Johnson galloping about planting trees. Gee, you never saw royalty making as much noise as these here democrats. I went to the wedding of Zita and Karl Franz and I bet Luci can't top that. Zita's wedding gown was 100 feet long and was carried by 20 pages dressed in silver brocade.

I want a word with your Congressman Charles "$14 a pound" Vanik [who complained recently of the high price of bacon]. Men always think they are better cooks than women, always messing around with extravagant food, too many pots and crazy ideas. Now the fact that bacon is mostly fat is true enough but that

the fat is unusable — well, brother, there you are all wet. There is nothing tastier than bacon fat to fry potatoes in, flavor vegetables, omelettes, etc. I wouldn't think of discarding even a teaspoon of the precious smoke flavored fat. It goes into a container right beside my gas stove.

I also have a friend who lives in Bridgeville who feeds her husband and herself lots of sausage and bacon and hot cakes and she saves all the drippings for me. I keep cans of it in my freezer.

I bet that, could you buy bacon drippings, they would cost a dollar a pound. So stop messing up the kitchen, Congressman Vanik. Put the

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slices carefully in the pan and watch them. Turn them before they curl and pour off the fat as it accumulates. And if you don't want it, save it for me.

Say hello to everybody and I will write some thrillers as soon as I'm done with this horrible housecleaning. Then you all can come, if you can get into the house. Imagine: I can't find anyone to fix that porch for me or do anything at all. Well, hell to all of them.

Love and scratches,
Lorelei
Federalsburg, Md.

Number 9 at Siwash

By the Devil's Advocate

A SPORTY BLUE MG with the top down drove up the wide sideway of Siwash College and scattered gaping students. At the wheel was a debonair chap with an eye patch, and beside him a tawny blond with a superb figure (or what could be seen of it).

Dean Chisolm B. Bushrod looked out of his window from the ivy-covered Exec Building and said nervously to his assistant, "I suppose it is Them."

Dr. Fitzwater was in a state of near euphoria as he watched the blond. This was, after all, a male university and the few females who came for frat dances had stringy hair and pale faces and hid their figures. "I wonder where They got her," he said in awe.

The dean, who was something of a wit at faculty parties, said, "Just a cheap Hungarian import, doctor."

This was an annual event at Siwash. The recruiting team of the Central Intelligence Agency was coming to reap its crop of intellectuals, in return for federal grants. Siwash had been able to build a new rifle range and set up chairs in Slavic Languages, Pilfering, Bugging, Coups and Assassinations, thanks to the largess of Uncle.

The door swung open, and the blond swayed in. She brought with her a savagely erotic scent that made Dean Bushrod wheeze asthmatically. Good God, he thought, I haven't done that since my first Clara Bow movie.

Her companion, in a gay sports shirt and madras jacket, said, "Well, chaps, here we are. I am Nine and she is Nineteen. Those are our cover names. You may introduce us as representing the Interdenominational Youth Rescue League. Where are the Phi Betes?"

"Waiting, sir."

"Any good candidates?"

"There is Randy Riddleberger. So far as we can tell, he has cheated in every examination since his freshman year."

Nine clapped his hands enthusiastically. "Capital, capital."

"And Simpson Drake. He has smuggled into his quarters this year quantities of marijuana, absinthe and five Vassar girls."

"My dear dean, the quality is improving. You have done well. I will suggest to One that you get a special

WILLIAM TAPLEY BENNETT JR., former Ambassador to the Dominican Republic, yesterday contradicted a statement by President Johnson that the diplomat had been forced to take cover under his desk during the early stages of the Dominican revolution.

Bennett, who called for American military intervention in Santo Domingo a year ago, said that some reports from that city during the fighting had been exaggerated.

—*Washington Post*

We've noticed.

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citation which you may wear on your underwear."

"Sydney Chandler is a likely prospect, too, Nine. He organized a coup, kidnapped the officers of the Student Assembly, and put in his own slate. I am afraid, though, you will have to interview him at the county jail. Matter of assault and battery, character assassination and kidnapping charges."

Nine said, "Nothing to worry about there. We'll get this boy out quicker than you can say Sanka. Pull executive privilege and all that. Training for duties against the Communists, De-Gaullists and obstreperous Senators."

"Any holdouts, dean?"

"Gilbert Grink. He's the finest scholar we've had at Siwash in fifty years. But he wants to be a professor." Dean Bushrod giggled furtively.

"Well, Nineteen, here's one for you. She's an expert in seducing geniuses. The Russian missile man was pie in her hands."

Nineteen said languourously, "I'm getting awfully bored with these intellectual blokes. They are so nervous with a woman. Can't you let me have a football player, just for once?"

She stretched herself, and the dean began wheezing again.

Nine told her, "All right, dearie, I'll let you handle the Rhodes' Scholars at Harvard."

"May I ask," Dr. Fitzwater inquired boldly, driven to madness by Nineteen's high skirt, "what is the purpose of all this?"

Nine turned on him in outrage surprise.

"Purpose? Don't you look at television, read the newspapers or listen to the radio? We are saving the world from sin!"

PHRASE OF THE MONTH

We cannot allow continued prosperity to founder on rising and shrunken dollars, skyrocketing advances and threats to the consumers' pocketbooks.

—*Lyndon B. Johnson*

What's a Uniroyal?

FOR SOME TIME NOW philiogical experts in the United States, Great Britain and Southeast Asia have been following with interest the curious and expensive effort of a major American corporation to explain in lay language the answer to that recurrent query of history: What's a Uniroyal?

A recent full page advertisement in the *New Yorker*, for example, shows a gentleman at the stake, about to be dispatched to his presumably just reward, being asked, "Do you have any last words?" He replies, "What's a Uniroyal?"

The copy goes on to explain that Uniroyal is the new world-wide trademark of the U.S. Rubber Co. This is easy enough to accept. If the U.S. Rubber Co. wishes to call itself Uniroyal, Multiroyal, Oligarchy Inc., or Interubco, that's its business.

But Uniroyal, nee U.S. Rubber Co., is not content to merely announce the change. Nor is it willing, in the manner of Cities Service (now known as Citgo), to blame it all on a computer. Someone in that citadel of elasticity (or in the advertising agency attached thereto) has determined that the American public should become convinced of the infinite logic of the switch.

Also, I suspect, U.S. Rubber is trying to impress its new name into our consciousness. How successful they will be remains to be seen.

The Royirub ad asks: "What's wrong with the good old-fashioned name of U.S. Rubber?"

The answer, it turns out, is that Rubberoy has been neither old-fashioned, nor exclusively U.S. nor exclusively rubber for a very long time. We are invited to take a look at some of the exciting *non*-rubber products that U.S. Royal makes, to wit:

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—"A thermoplastic for auto and truck bodies which is not only harder to dent than steel but, if dented, pops back as good as new under heat."

—"Sexy Eskiloo boots for the ladies and Keds, the famous line of soft, colorful family shoes that are as easy to look at as they are to wear."

—"A smart weed killer for weeds that are too smart for other weed killers."

As the Unirub ad put it, "Now you can see why we had to change our company's trademark — we needed a new trademark to better suit our

derring-do." Several choices occur to me as being more symbolic of the derring-do of such a fearlessly diversified, as-easy-to-look-at-as-to-invest-in corporation: Almalgamated Nodent; The Sexy Weedless Thermorubber Co.; or Eskisex International. But I am not expert in such matters and I suppose the people at Rubiroyal know what they're doing. I would just have been happier if I knew the company made either unies or royals. It would seem to make more sense. But then some guy at the stake would probably want to know, "What's a uni?"

In time, thanks to the wonderful educative effects of advertising, I am certain that I shall learn the company's new name and then will only wonder how they ever got along without it. At present, however, U.S. Rubber appears to be stretching its point. *(s.s.)*

Hiftorik Saltlickham

By Uncle Abner

SALTLICKHAM

WE HAD OUR ANNUAL town meeting t'other night. It were a wowzer. Since it happened Mr. and Mrs. Fliggle ain't talking to Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Mr. Fliggle ain't talking to Mrs. Fliggle. Fact is, 'bout the only people in town on speaking terms are the Wilsons and Elizabeth and me. And I weren't too damn pleased by Bill Wilson's comments 'bout the new sewer neither, now I tell you. It sure is lucky we don't practice democracy in this country any harder than we do. There'd be no one left to talk to.

Anyway, the big topic was the Restoration Society's Historic Saltlickham project. Last year, Margaret Pillywilly and some of her friends snuck through an appropriation of $576.92 to finance the project. This year Roger Peetsley demanded an accounting of the funds and when he got it, neither he nor most anybody else liked it.

To start with, Mrs. Pillywilly spent $92.08 for a colonial costume for Merton Fudge to wear. The plan was to have Merton go down to the bus station in the summertime and welcome the tourists coming to town by ringing a bell and crying, "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye. Welcome to historic Saltlickham. We wish you the best of visits." Then Merton was to give each one a small card with the same welcome printed upon it in old-fashioned type plus a list of all the historic places to see.

Well, the bus comes into town, according to the schedule, at 9:36 p.m., and according to general practice 'bout a half hour after that. Come the first night, Merton gets dressed up in his nifty colonial outfit and goes down to the bus stop. Nine-thirty-six rolls

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round and by. Merton, who never was the most patient of souls, gets tired of waiting and drops into Harry's Place for a few snorts, donchaknow. That evening the bus was later than even usual and 'long 'bout 11:15 Harry calls to Merton, "Merton, get out there. Here she comes."

Well, by that time the only thing old-fashion that Merton had on his mind was the one he held in his hand and that was the last of a long line consumed while waiting for the bus. He picks himself up kind of unsteady and heads for the door.

"You forgot your bell," Harry called after him.

"Bigod you're right. Harry, you're a real friend," says Merton.

The bus pulls in and there's Merton ringing his bell and fumbling around for the cards in his pocket 'cause he can't remember what he's meant to say.

First lady starts to get off the bus and Merton weaves towards her clanging his bell and trying to get his wig back in place. The lady takes one look, screams, and climbs back into the bus.

"It's all right, lady. It's just history," the bus driver said.

So she gets up her courage and steps off the bus again. So do the rest of the passengers. They sort of stand around gawking at Merton who's ringing his bell and trying to read one of the cards in the light of the neon sign over Harry's place.

"Hear ye, hear ye, and hear ye again," says Merton reading the card just like it's printed. "Welcome to hiftorhik Saltlickhameee. We wif you the beft of vifits." Merton started out a little nervous but after he heard what he had to say he liked the sound of it and decided to keep on. So he did:

"Fo, where the hell you been all thif time? I've been waiting to ring my bell for two hourf now, to dinalingling you to hiftorhik Saltlickhamee. And what happenf? You dawdle along the way. Well, I'll tell you one thing. Thatf the laft time I welcome you anywhere. You go back to Red Bank, New Jerfy or . . ."

Just 'bout then Harry steps in sort of forceful and tries to get Merton out of there. It didn't do no good. Merton resisted and in the scuffle that took place lost his wig, tore his jumper and his pantaloon pants, and hit one of the bus passengers in the eye with his bell. Finally he sits down on the sidewalk and starts crying, "You made me get a run in my white ftockinf."

It were a fizzle from start to finish. The colonial costume was ruined and most of the tourists left town on the next bus.

But that weren't the end of Mrs. Pillywilly's troubles. She and some of the other girls went over to Tom Caruther's trailer on State St., which is nestled in with a lot of old houses and don't look too good all purple and white, and they told Tom he ought to at least put clapboards on his trailer and stick up a carriage lamp. He told them that if they didn't leave

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the premises right away he was going to give them some historic buckshot in their old-fashion rumps. The girls didn't stick around to look at his antique shotgun.

Then there was the charge, which Mrs. Pillywilly firmly denied, that the girls had used some of the appropriation to get memberships in the DAR. And $231 went to buy some Chippendale chairs that turned out to be fakes.

All in all, the restoration business was pretty much of a flop. Even Mrs. Pillywilly came close to admitting it when she told the meeting, "We have yet to capture the true flavor of historic Saltlickham."

From the looks of it, she ain't going to either. The town meeting refused to vote any more money, then turned to other important local matters such as the lamp on Elm Street that hasn't been repaired for nine months, the termite problem in the community center outhouse and, of course, Vietnam.

Flotsam & Jetsam

☞In these days when so many are searching after peace, it is good to know that someone is trying to keep things in perspective. McDonnell Aircraft, for example, holds out hope to the smaller countries of the world in a current advertisement for the Phantom II jet:

"For the first time, nations with limited national resources can be free from the restrictions of a single mission air force. With the Phantom II, they can have air power for defense, air power for attack."

☞One of our operatives tells us of the folksinger in Dupont Circle who was interrupted in his musical endeavors by a small boy who came up and twisted one of his guitar tuning pegs. The guitarist chased the youngster down Connecticut Avenue with great agitation, crying, "Stop, kid, stop. I won't hurt you. Just tell me which one you turned!"

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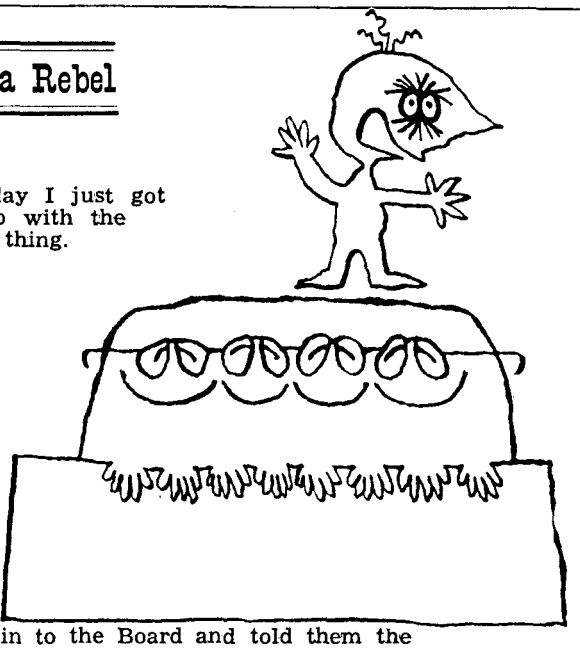
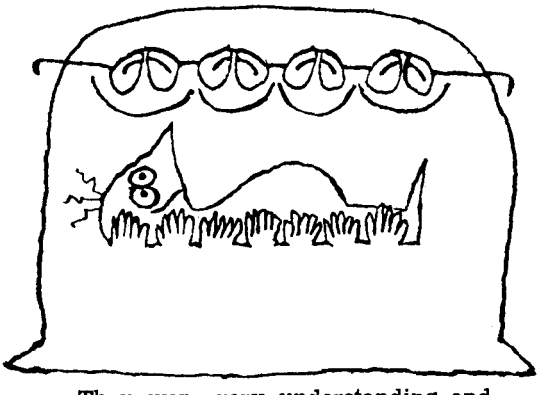
FQM: Confessions of a Rebel

One day I just got fed up with the whole thing.



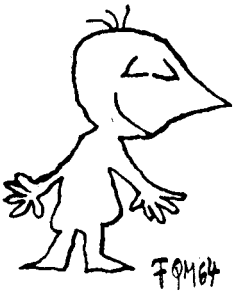
So I went in to the Board and told them the truth about their smug and obstinate way of doing things and demanded a fresh, new open-minded outlook.



They were very understanding and praised my criticism highly. My type of person was just what they needed, they said.

They invited me to come again if I had any more criticisms to make.

But with that kind of people in charge, there's really nothing to be dissatisfied about.



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☞ American officials in Saigon believe they have found a leader who can unite warring Catholic and Buddhist factions in South Vietnam. His name: Ec U Minh.

☞ Observation of the poverty program in inaction leads one to the conclusion that what the Office of Economic Opportunity needs is an Operation Tailstart.

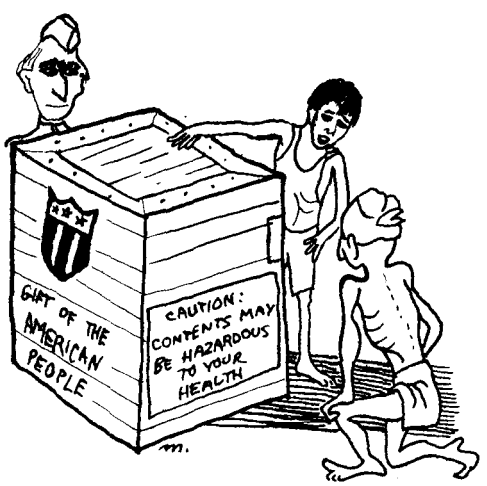
☞ The Johnson infield: Baker to Jenkins to Dodd.

☞ We don't mind having our phone tapped but we believe that if they're going to do it, we should only be charged party line rates.

☞ Of course we have to stay in South Vietnam. The whole future of Cambodia is at stake.

☞ Washington subway planners should consider naming the Connecticut Ave. line (the first to be constructed, naturally) the Great White Way. When and if the subway extends to the Negro sections of town it could be called the Underground Railroad.

☞ Let's see if we've got it all straight. First, the Surgeon General of the United States issues a report condemning smoking cigarettes as harmful to health. Then Congress passes a law, which the President signs, requiring that all cigarette packages contain a warning that smoking may be dangerous. Then the Agriculture Department pays for plugs for tobacco in a film to be sent abroad, the President intervenes to keep domestic cigarette prices from going up, and we include in our billion-dollar Indian famine relief program shipments of tobacco. Aren't we trying a little too hard to keep cancer in the consensus?



CREDITS

The character sketches are drawn by John Perts, of Suffolk, Va.

Bob and Susie Sanderson, of Bristol, R. I., helped — as usual — with the production of this issue.

OPPORTUNITIES

Sperrhake Harpsichord. 8' and 4' registers. For immediate delivery. $1150. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield St., Bethesda, Md.

One thousand brand new uncirculated silver dollars minted in the 1800's. $3 each. First check for $3000 gets entire lot. Full refund if you return shipment. Sam McVicker, 641 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.

Roth violin. Excellent sound quality and condition. With new case. Price: $120.00 or best offer. Joel D. Hencken, 19198 Hartwell, Detroit, Mich.

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Current subscribers wishing to change to the air mail edition for the remaining issues of their subscription are invited to write us for rate information.

Plan to spend a part of your summer camping on Casco Bay, Me. Attractively maintained sites with excellent view. Low rates. Write CAMPING, c/o Idler.

Fill your freezer with organically raised Angus beef from registered herd, Maine, twelfth year. Shipped frozen in oven-ready, family size packages. From cattle raised in natural environment free of pesticides, chemical fertilizers and toxic substances. Minimum shipment: one cubic-foot carton. Write BEEF, c/o Idler.

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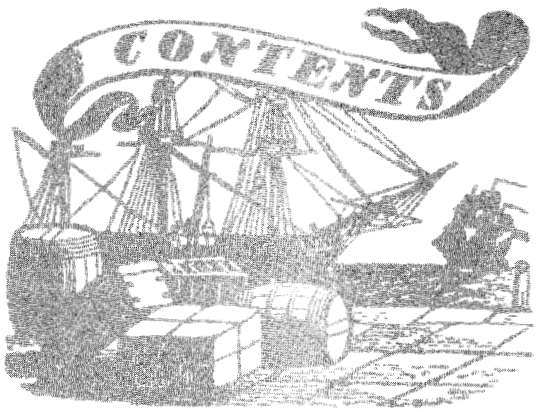

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